



The Grain Ships

By Captain Dingle

TALL ships, long ships, full-built ships and clippers,
 Loading up at Crockett docks with barley, wheat, and corn;
 Manned by long-shore hoboes and wild apprentice "nippers,"
 Officered by men of iron, racing round the Horn.

Towed out through the Golden Gate, dropping tugs off Farralones,
 Hobo crews a-sweating blood, wish they'd ne'er been born;
 Harassed mates a-cursing them, damning them to Davy Jones,
 Grand old 'Frisco grain fleet, racing round the Horn.

Royalshire and Marlboro Hill, Combermere and Talus,
Tamar and Queen Margaret, and stately Silberhorn;
Nimble Banklands leading them, and dainty Eurylus:
 White-winged swift-heeled beauties, racing round the Horn.

Southward through the summer seas, clouds of canvas gleaming;
 Skys'ls straining at all trucks, jibs like wings of morn;
 Lifelines, close-reefed tops'ls, decks with gray spite streaming;
 Aye! They take it as it comes, racing round the Horn.

These are dreams of long ago, to-day unlovely steamers
 Bear the freights of three tall ships, barley, wheat, and corn;
 Gone the romance from the seas, lost to all but dreamers—
 Aye! But still the ghosts of clippers race around the Horn!

